Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere : louder the muſicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Reſtoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,
And let this kiſſe repaire thoſe violent harmes
That my two ſiſters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere Princeſſe.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be expoſd againſt the warring windes,
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quicke croſſe lightning, to watch poore *Perdu*,
With this thin helme? Mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, ſhould haue ſtood that night
Againſt my fire, and waſt thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with ſwine and rogues forlorne,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteſt.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maieſty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Y'are a ſpirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.

Doct. He's ſcarſe awake, let him alone awhile.

Lea. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light!
I am mightily abuſd; I ſhould ene dye with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands, let's ſee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd of my con-
Cor. O looke vpon me ſir, (dition.
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No

No ſir, you muſt not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me
I am a very fooliſh fond olde m
Foureſcore and vpward, and to
I feare I am not perfect in my m
Me thinkes I ſhould know you,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am m
What place this is, and all the
Remembers not theſe garment
Where I did lodge laſt night. I
For (as I am a man) I thinke th
To be my childe *Cordelia.*

Cor. And ſo I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet? Y
If you haue poiſon for me I wil
I know you do not loue me, fo
Haue (as I do remember) done
You haue ſome cauſe, they hau

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdo

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Doct. Be comforted good M
cured in him, and yet it is dang
hee has loſt; deſire him to go
ther ſetling.

Cor. Wilt pleaſe your High

Lear. You muſt beare with
Pray now forget and forgiue,
I am olde and fooliſh.

Manet Kent

Gen. Holds it true ſir that th

Kent. Moſt certaine ſir.

Gent. Who is conductor of

Kent. As tis ſaid, the baſtar

Gent. They ſay *Edgar* his b

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